college, do you realize you are forbidden to mix in politics?"

Rainey stiffened. "An inquiry into a public swindle is not politics."

"That's for others to decide, not you. That's all!"

John said, "I call Mayor Phelps, one of the defendants."

The official strode to the box. He settled himself importantly, nodding to all the henchmen. Just the same, he was definitely unhappy.

"Mr. Mayor, you have been sworn. In addition to your elected office, you are chairman of the Water Authority?"

"According to the ordinance of council."

"You are also a member of other boards and commissions?"

"I am on the Park Board, the Retirement Board, and the Zoning Commission."

"Haven't you omitted one—a very important one?"

"Have I? I really can't remember them all."

"We will come to it. May I ask how the Water Authority arrives at its decisions?"

"Objection! Immaterial and impertinent. He doesn't have to answer to you."

"The question is vital," declared John. "I wish to know if their actions are dictated by outsiders. . . . Do you know Senator Shevlin?"

"Objection! Your honor sees his line? Insinuations! Suggestions of scandal!"

John said, "I wasn't aware that knowing the senator was a scandal."

"Very funny! I suppose you'll ask next if he takes orders from him?"

"Yes. . . . Do you, Mr. Mayor?"

The witness boomed, "I take orders from no one except the people who elected me!"

A titter ran through the court. The witness glared.

"Mr. Mayor, why did the administration take over the water works?"

"For a very simple reason. The service was bad and the rates were too high."

"Since it was taken over, the rates have gone up one third?"

"Objection! Completely irrelevant. This isn't a rate inquiry."

"I will sustain it. . . . Speaking as a water user, Mr. Mayor, just why did they go up?"

"Well—er—we had to put on more people to improve the service."

"Mr. Mayor," resumed John, "let us take up the bond issue. You received my notice to produce a list of purchasers as well as a certain canceled check for commission?"

"I did. And my lawyer told me to ignore it."

"Let us see how far we can get without them. I understand the public sale amounted to one million dollars? Whose scheme was it that city employees sell the bonds and give their commissions to the organization?"

"Objection! Entirely outside the case. And I ask that he be cautioned."

"Mr. Doowinkle," smiled the jurist, "we must both curb the temptation to ask immaterial questions, however interesting. Proceed."

"Yes, sir. . . . Mr. Mayor, who bought the rest of those bonds?"

"Objection!" Gorley had been waiting for the question. The walls shook to his argument. Revealing the purchaser, he thundered, involved the violation of a confidence. "This witness, your honor, guards a sacred trust. He cannot betray it!"

Judge Yost waited patiently until he was through. "Isn't this the very sale upon which the illegal commission is charged? Objection overruled."

"Will you please answer my question? Who bought those bonds?"

"All right, I'll answer it. I don't remember."

"A million-dollar sale, and you don't remember?"

"That's what I said. I'm so busy, my memory fails me sometimes."

"Was it an individual or a corporation?"

"I don't remember."

"Was it another city agency?"

"I don't remember."

"Mr. Mayor, do you realize your answers amount to contempt?"

Gorley snapped, "That's not contempt. His memory's gone bad."

"Perhaps we can restore his memory." John stood up. "Will Messrs. Dugan and Mertz come forward?" Two men, scowling heavily, rose. "Mr. Mayor, these men are here under subpoena. Do you know them?"

"I—I believe I do."

"They are your colleagues on the Sinking Fund Commission—the one you forgot to mention? I also have an official of the Woodford National Bank with the deposit slips of the Water Authority. He is ready to testify. Does that refresh your memory?"

The witness edged nervously. "To a certain extent."

John walked toward the stand. "Let's not beat around the bush. The Sinking Fund bought those bonds?"

"All right, it did. I don't see what the fuss is about. It was legal."

"Thank you." John breathed with relief. His main link had held, anyway. "You gentlemen may sit back. . . . Did the Water Authority pay a five per cent commission on the sale?"

Phelps sent a mute appeal to his lawyer. He leaped to his feet.

Judge Yost, after a moment, cut him short. "That's not an objection. It's an obstruction. He has put a vital question to this witness—whether the Water Authority, of which he is a member, paid fifty thousand dollars on a sale of bonds from itself to the Sinking Fund Commission, of which he is also a member. Was such a sum paid? And don't say you don't remember."

"Very well. It was. And it was legal."

John demanded, "Who got it—Joseph Burns?"

"Yes. Joseph Burns."

"Your honor," said John, "I asked this witness to bring the canceled check for this commission. As your honor knows, banks today keep film files of all paid checks issued by their depositors. I subpoenaed them and they can be exhibited. But it would be simpler if the witness were directed to go for that check."

"I object! It's all unnecessary. We admit the payment."

Judge Yost looked down at him. "He called for the check and it should have been here. You—ah—have quite a brief case there. Take a look. Maybe you have it, after all."

The lawyer growled, "All right." He fished in his bag. "There you are."

"Thank you." John studied it, front and back. "We will get the rest of the story from Burns. . . . Now, Mr. Mayor, I believe the Water Authority intends to buy certain land for a dam." He described the site. "Do you know Henry Riddle, the registered owner?"

"I do not. We haven't got around to that deal."

"Are you familiar with the history of this tract since last December?"

"Don't know a thing about it. When we get to it, we'll consider it."

SEE WHAT YOU'RE GETTING!

REVELATION IS JUST WHAT YOU SEE HERE: 5 DIFFERENT TOBACCOS CUT 5 DIFFERENT WAYS!

Ends "bite zone" in your pipe! Provides flavor and mildness no "straight" blend can touch!

TAKE FAIR WARNING, pipe smokers: *so-called* "mixtures" of only *1* or *2* tobaccos form a "bite zone" in your pipe—*fast!*

But—in REVELATION Pipe Tobacco—*FIVE* finer tobaccos make *a real*, balanced *BLEND*—*smoke cool and gentle all the way down!* Each tobacco supplies its own special flavor and aroma. Each is cut its own special way to make ALL FIVE *burn* best, *blend* best, *taste* best!

For sweet, cool, no-bite *mildness*—and *gloriously different flavor*—*try* a tin of REVELATION today!

A Product of PHILIP MORRIS

42

2061033706

Source: https://www.industrydocuments.ucsf.edu/docs/htbv0004
2061033706